

A QUANDARY.



Pat, after eating a persimmon—O! don't know whether O'm whistlin' or singin', begob, since O! ate that pium.

Manly Art.

Prof. Jaw Janner Boardett, the great champion—Ab, what we want is greater dependence on nature's weapons—Gov. Culberson—How do you (Biff Whack) like that (Whack) foot—Gov. Clarke—Yes (Whack), pass him a (Biff Bang) long! Nature for (Whack) ever!—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

The Problem.

The young man clutched his elderly friend in a frantic grasp. "What ought a feller to say," he asked, "when a young woman asks him if he thinks she is as old as she looks?"—Indianapolis Journal.

'T WAS A BAD ERROR.

He Tried to Help the Railroad Company, But Failed. He looked a bit hard up, but he had a pleasant face and smooth address as he walked into the office of a New York railroad running West and asked for the president. When conducted to that official's desk, he began: "I want the favor of a pass to Buffalo."

"Can't have it," was the prompt reply. "I expected that answer, and am prepared for it. I did not come here with a tale of woe. I have not been robbed."

"Not a rob. I did not lose money on the street. I am not obliged to rush home to see my wife die. I am not a consumptive who is anxious to get home and die among old friends. These please, are said."

"Yes, very old and thin." "And yet I want a pass to Buffalo. I feel that I have a right to ask for it."

"On what grounds?"

"This morning I saved the life of a passenger on one of your transfer boats. He was a big, red-whiskered man named Clark. Had he gone overboard it would have cost you perhaps \$50,000 to settle the claim."

"Clark? Big man with red whiskers? Wretched man, you know not what you did. That is the man who has already got a claim for \$20,000 against us for breaking his leg. If you had only let him go overboard we could have settled with his heirs for less than a quarter of that amount. Go out—go away. You have taken thousands of dollars out of our pockets by your meddlesome act. Go right away if you don't want to be put in the cell with Garvey."

The beat walked out without a word, but, as he reached the door, he was heard to grumble: "I thought I was the best bar on the Atlantic coast, but I might as well hang up from this deal. I'm not in it with Coney."—Texas Sittings.

REMOVABLE.



Johnny—Mr. Smith, did I hear you ask for a lock of sister's hair? Mr. Smith—Yes, Johnny, but— Johnny—Well, if yegimeen nickel I'll get ye a han'ful. I know where she keeps it.

AFTER SERVICE.



He—Do you like the new pulpit railing? She—Not exactly; it woke me up twice.



Dear me, is that mustache all your own? Well—say one word, and it will be yours.

—St. James Budget

HALFBACK'S MISTAKE.



1—Beggary Halfback, looking for the lost football—Ah, there it is!



2—Strange those fellows should have kicked it way up here.



3—Hello!



4—Murder! Murder!



5—It's a hornet's—



6—Nest!

DEEPLY GRIEVED.

But a Sudden Change Came Over Her Spirits.

Mrs. Swayback sighed when her daughter told her that Mr. Trivet had asked her to be his wife, and that she had become engaged, says Judge.

"I suppose I ought not to feel badly about it," Mrs. Swayback added, wiping away a tear with the corner of her apron. "It is woman's destiny to be married. I left the home of my happy childhood to become Mrs. Swayback and now you must leave to become Mrs. Trivet. Still, I cannot help feeling my loss deeply. A mother can never lose her daughter with indifference; she can never give her up—not even to the best man in the world—without deep reluctance."

By this time Mrs. Swayback was sobbing violently and her daughter was trying to comfort her.

"I shall come to see you often, mother darling," she said.

"Of course you will, but it is a great trial to part with you, my child. You must not mind your fond mother's crying a bit over it."

"Dry your eyes, mother. I'm sure you couldn't get a finer young man than Mr. Trivet for a son-in-law and of course you expected me to get married some time."

Mrs. Swayback sobbed broke out afresh and for some time she refused to be comforted. Then she applied a handkerchief vigorously to her eyes and asked:

"When is the wedding to be?"

"In about six months, mamma dear."

"Six months!" exclaimed Mrs. Swayback. "What on earth does the procreator mean by putting it off that long?"

Mrs. Swayback said to herself: "Mary Ann, I don't believe he intends to marry you at all, so I don't! If he did he'd insist on having the wedding come off inside six weeks at the farthest."

A Happy Meeting.

During the recent meeting of the Baptist Association the Rev. Mr. Eden, traveling agent for the Christian Index, was driving along the road from Washington to the mountains, when he met a citizen whose name was J. C. Paradise. Eden pulled up his horse and said:

"Good morning, my friend, my name is Eden, and I suppose you are about as near Eden as you'll ever be."

The other looked at him for a few minutes in astonishment, and then said:

"Well, my friend, let me tell you something. My name is Paradise, and I reckon you are a little nearer Paradise than you'll ever be again."

This made Brother Eden's head drop, and he said:

"My friend, how far is it to the mountains?"

The Drama in Louisville.

Lobbylounger—How was the play last night? "Exquisite—Wonderful! Most artistic and dramatic production seen for years. Held the audience spellbound from first to last. Why, sir, in some of the thrilling situations there were times when not a sound could be heard but the hard breathing of Othello, the suppressed sobs of Desdemona, and the conversation in the boxes.—Louisville Commercial.

Hardly Worth While.

"You are now thirteen years old, Miss Fanny, and yet you can hardly write your own name."

"That's a fact, but it will be such a short time before I get another name that it is hardly worth while to write my present one."—Texas Sittings.

Czar Was Sensitive.

"I see the court laundress has got the czar's shirt."

"Yes," rejoined the chief inspector of sea breezes, "she got two much starch in the czar's boiled iron shirt. His majesty is very sensitive, you know."—Oakland Times.

Demurred.

Pastor—My dear friend, were you born with your thirst for liquor? De Tanque (proudly)—No, sir. It's the result of long and severe training and cultivated capital, in my case, at least.—New York World.

Had to Get a New One.

"Who was that?" "Collector from Tailor Sutton's."

"I thought he was a hairdressed chap?" "Oh, that one—he's worn out."—Chicago Record.

THE PATENT REVOLVING CAMPAIGN PORTRAIT.



1—Office Boy—Oh, Mr. Editor, Farmer P. Pod is cummin' up th' stairs, an' that ain't his man for President.



2—Editor Turnover, giving the crank a heavy twist—Great Scott, Johnnie, you've saved my life. I'll increase your pay ten cents a week.



3—Ah, farmer, how's the campaign coming on? You see we're all together this time?

A Valuable Member.

De Hanne—That baseball player you took on last week any good? Barnes Turner—Yes, indeed. He catches every egg that is thrown at us.—Indianapolis Journal.

A STUDY IN REPALETTE.

How She Refused a Proposal at Dinner.

He—Doubtless you have often been proposed to.

She—Why, what makes you think that? He—Moths will sing themselves in the flame.

She—Do you flatter yourself that that is original? He—Oh, no; it's merely a quotation.

She—Some what true.

He—Admitted. But to start again at the beginning.

She—Where else would you start? He—I have known girls to start at the end of a book. But, for a fresh start, did it ever occur to you what an excellent place a dinner table is for a proposal?

She—No. Why?

He—Because it is impossible for the fair one to fly. She must sit still and listen.

She—But the doctors prescribe light and amusing conversations at meals.

He—Isn't it possible for a declaration of love to fulfill the condition? I'm sure the bonds of modern matrimony are often airy enough.

She—After all, it depends upon the people, I suppose. Still, it must be difficult to play at making love with the soup, and love himself must freeze if swallowed with the ice.

He—Suppose we try?

She—Oh, no, indeed, or I really must excuse myself.

He—And leave me stranded, like the last bit of cake on the dish.

She—Don't you flatter yourself in the sweet similes?

He—No. We can imagine that it is an unenviable lot—perhaps a trifle bitter.

She—And stale and hard.

He—No. Still soft enough to be molded into any form by beautiful fingers.

She—Mine would form it into a pellet.

He—Eagerly—So you could swallow it more easily?

She—No, indeed; so it could roll away and be lost more easily.—Life.

Ruse Devenver.

"How did your little love affair at the beach end?" asked the girl in dark blue.

"Haven't you heard?" returned the girl in gray, sorrowfully.

"Of course not," replied the girl in dark blue. "I haven't even heard from you since August, you know."

"Well, it's all over. I was deceived in the man."

"Did he jilt you?"

The girl in gray hesitated. It was not a pleasant confession to make, but she saw no way out of it.

"Yes," she said at last. "I suppose that is the plain English of it."

"I was afraid you would find him that kind of a man," said the girl in dark blue. "He didn't look like one who could be trusted. I wouldn't feel very badly over the loss of such a man if I were you."

"Loss of the man?" exclaimed the girl in gray. "Pooh! Who cares for him? It's the deceit that he practiced that provokes me."

"No. I might forgive him that. It was when he led me to believe that he was worth suing for breach of promise that he showed the full depth of his depravity. I tell you, Mabel, it was a shock to me to learn that a judgment against him wouldn't be worth anything."—Chicago Post.

A Precedent.

"Why do you smile?" asked Jonah of the whale, as the prophet was cast on the beach.

"I was thinking of the journalistic precedent we established," said the monster.

"What's that?" queried the girl in blue. "Of the worthy man departed from our midst, and with a wave of his tail, the whale floated away."—Adams Freeman.

Did She Buy Them Herself?

Neuwel—What's the matter with these cigars? Mrs. Neuwel—Why, my dear, they smelled so bad that I put some cologne on them.—Town Topics.

Would Take the Same.

After dinner at the cafe Roby noticed with bulging eyes the heaping pile of change which the waiter brought back to his father.

"Oh, papa!" he exclaimed, "oh, papa! I'd like a plate of that, too."—New York Herald.

HE HAD CALLED BEFORE.

After Many Months He Found the Situation Unchanged.

He stood in front of a house on Second street and gazed at the door and windows a long time. At length he came to the conclusion to walk up and ring the bell of the side door. His ring was answered by a woman with a broom in her hand, according to a story in the Detroit Free Press.

"Madam," he began, as he looked around, "I have come to make an inquiry."

"Well, sir," she snapped. "You look like the woman, and this looks like the house, but yet I may be mistaken. Did I call here last February?"

"You did, sir."

"Ah! I thought so. I called here one afternoon."

"Yes, sir."

"You answered my ring?"

"Yes, sir."

"You had a broom in your hand—the same broom you have now?"

"Just the same, sir."

"And do you remember, ma'am, that I asked you for cold victuals and old clothes?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you told me to skip?"

"That's what I told you."

"And as I seemed reluctant to skip you jabbed me in the back with the end of the broom handle to assist my movements."

"Yes, I did. What do you want now?"

"I want to know, respected lady, if the situation has undergone any change for the better?"

"Not the slightest, sir. I have no cold victuals or old clothes for you. I want you to skip. If you don't skip—"

"Yes, sir," she said, as she made ready. "All right, ma'am, I'll go—I'll go without being jabbed. Folks say this is a world of change, but I'll be hanged if there's been any round here that I can see. Madam of the broomstick, I am gone—farewell!"

He Was All Right.

First Yale Student—Have you telegraphed to the old man for money? Second Yale Student—Yes.

"Got an answer?"

"Yes. I telegraphed the old man: 'Where is that money I wrote for?' And his answer reads: 'In my inside pocket.'—Texas Sittings.

An Amazonian Catastrophe.

"What!" exclaimed the king of Dahomey. "Say that the arms of my troops have failed them in action?"

"Yes, sire," rejoined the orderly, "hardly a sleeve in the corps was not crushed in the first onset."—Detroit Tribune.

As Between the Two.

He—I don't think there is anything much finer than to have a beautiful yacht.

She—I'm surprised at you. Haven't you considered a beautiful wife?

He—Oh, yes; but I mean on the ground of economy.—Harper's Bazar.

NO USE FOR IT.



"Now, you start your boots and get out o' here, and don't give me any of yer chin either."

SOLD A TWO-CENT STAMP.

The Chappies Had Just Eight Cents Between Them.

Two up-to-date young men got on a Gates avenue car the other night, says the New York Press. Their conversation at once attracted the attention of the passengers.

Even a deaf man would have known they had been calling on two young ladies, while a blind man would have guessed that they were dressed in the fashion. The conductor collected one of two fares and then looked inquiringly at the young men. Both of them were searching their pockets diligently.

After a whispered conversation the embarrassed dudes called the conductor into the car and spoke to him in a low tone. The other passengers were interested deeply.

"B!," the conductor growled.

"B!," said the speaker, and he began all over again to explain their predicament to him.

"Oh! Only got 8 cents," he shouted; "well, you'll have to get off. A what?"

By this time the young men's faces were as red as a signal light.

"Oh! A postage stamp," bawled the merciless conductor. "What'll I do with a stamp?"

"Oh! Please take it? Not on yer life. You'll have to get off," and the conductor winked slyly at the other passengers.

By this time the other passengers were enjoying the joke.

After the fun had gone far enough a young man whom the dudes had crowded out of a seat bought the stamp. The chappies did not even possess the courtesy to thank him for getting them out of their embarrassing situation. They resumed a discussion of the charms of their hostesses.

THOUGHT HE HAD 'EM.



1—Jones—Horror! What's that? By gracious, I'll never drink another drop.



2—Boy—What's that you said, mister? Jones—Why, or—er—said that you must be careful and not let that turkey drop.

Three Heads Better Than One.



Maud: "I tell you Cousin Sophy's baby is a girl."

Constance: "And I tell you it's a boy."

Algernon: "Don't be stupid, both of you. Nobody knows what it's going to be. It isn't christened yet."

—New Budget.

THE COMING GIRL.



"WOMAN IS EVERY DAY ENLARGING HER SPHERE"

—Life.